

THE JEWISH TIMES.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, SCIENCE, ART, LITERATURE AND JEWISH INTERESTS.

VOL. VII. NO. 6.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1883.

WHOLE NO. 162

STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

Strive; yet I do not promise. The prize you dream of to think to grasp it. Will not fade when you think to grasp it. And melt in your hand away; But another and holier treasure. You would now perchance disdain, Will come when your toil is over, And pay you for all your pain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you. The hour you long for now Will not come with its radiance vanished, And a shadow upon its brow; Yet far through the misty future, With a crown of starry light, An hour of joy you know not. Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for May never comfort your fears, May never repay your pleading, Yet pray, with hopeful tears; An answer, not thus you long for, But diviner, will come one day; Your eyes are too dim to see it; Yet strive, and wait and pray.

EUGENIE'S FETE DAY.

NOT an empress was this Eugenie, but a little Jewish maid who came to the manufactory of Blumenthal & Co. to sweep, dust, run errands, wait on the operators at their sewing-machines, trim out the scallops of whale-ship-loads of Hamburg edgings, and last, but not least, galling to her small soul to "try on." In this great establishment where outfitts of satin or silk, velvet, lawn or lace, were made for all woman-kind from infancy up to that "uncertain age," and even beyond, every garment for a girl of 13 which required fitting fell to Eugenie's share and for these she served as model! I have often seen the salty sprinkles in her dark eyes when the foreman turned her round and pushed her or pulled her there, grumbled because she was lean, and attributed all misfits to her angularity.

"On a better developed child of this age this design would be perfect—superb. You must notice that 'Genie' is to scrawny," he explained to young Gabriel Blumenthal, who accepted or rejected the styles as they were created.

"Ah, yes, I see, 'Genie, you are tall enough and straight enough, but you must grow fat; then you will have your wages raised." And Mr. Gabriel leans indolently back in his arm-chair, and surveys her again from head to foot. It never occurs to him that Eugenie is lean because she is hungry. She hated her breakfast of butterless rye bread and black coffee, and did not thrive on what she substituted—a couple of green apples an' a ginger cake.

Mr. Gabriel had seen life's pathos in that picture of little Cosset asleep on a miserable pallet, with her gorgeous gold clasped in her arms, and might have seen, but that the sight was so common, life's irony in Eugenie's faded flounce and worn shoes beneath the coat of plush or velvet—life's bitterness in her flashing eyes, glowing cheeks and trembling fingers, as she unfastens the splendid garment, and escapes like a wild bird from its captors. On \$1.50 a week one cannot dress like Solomon in all his glory, so Eugenie resembled the lilles of the field more than she was aware, perhaps, in that the nearer she approached the ground, the meaner and muddier she appeared. She was but one of twenty children in the work-room and though the poorest of all, she embodied all the storm and sunshine, the thunder and lightning, the vivacity and intellect, of her little world. Her companions and admirers of to-day, were her tormentors and rivals of tomorrow. They were quick to notice how gipsy-like she was with her dark eyes and black braided hair, from which over her forehead escaped those little waves and curls which neither rain nor warm weather ever straightened; and when they wanted the excitement of seeing "Genie in a tantrum," they would get Gretchen to whisper in her Judisch Deutsch, "They mother bought thee of a Zigeunerin for zwei pfennige." Her indignant tears were not less bitter because they were forced to flow in silence, and were hastily wiped away with the cuttings on the floor. Her ardent soul knew no repression of emotion as it knew no deceit.

Gretchen had a dozen secrets, where Eugenie had not a concealment under the sun, yet no one ever cried; "Gretchen did it! Gretchen did it!" while the other seemed even attended like the player in the Greek tragedy, by the inevitable chorus. No wonder she hastily exclaimed, when told by a child who had lived in the country, how the katydids sang in the fields, "I am glad I never hear them, for it would seem to me as if all the girls turned to grasshoppers at night and were crying, 'Genie did, and 'Genie didn't, to drive me crazy, as they do all day."

"I'm so tired out sometimes that I want to die; don't you, 'Genie?'" said a companion one night.

"Die!" said Eugenie, with superb astonishment. "No, I don't. I have not lived yet." Which remark contains a strong justification of the doctrine teaching "the survival of the fittest."

How strong must the desire of life be when, deprived of all its sweetness, sunshine, pure air, breath of flowers, liberty to laugh and sing, she would still exclaim against death!

She was but one of thousands, and so wore her poor clothes, ate or did not eat her rye bread, breathed fluff of cloth, smell of oil and poisoned air, and whenever the irrepressible spirit of youth and bounding blood bade her speak or dance against rule, jeopard-

ed her position, and ran the risk of a beating at home. One blessing her hard work brought her, of which she could not be cheated—sleep so sweet and dreamless that "all night is like a minute." Waking, she had but one unfailing joy in spring time, and that was the display of flowers in the market she passed daily. Here was not simply a sentiment in regard to them. She hated the fine garments which were associated only in her mind with torture and shame, and the gorgeous materials to which her eyes were accustomed, embodied none of that beauty for which her heart was hungry. But flowers! They were an untaught pleasure, a source of boundless delight and satisfaction. She would wear them in her hair and on her breast; they never contrasted painfully with her faded dresses. She begged a leaf or bud—the only things she deigned to beg or accept from her companions. They had twitted her with poverty, and nothing could induce her to share a lunch or a penny, though she gave generously, "even a queen could ask for a flower," she explained. She loved to dance, and had learned, Heaven knows how or where! and must gratify her longing occasionally, whatever vials of wrath might be emptied on her head. When a lull in the rush of business permitted an extension of the half-hour into an hour for lunch, Eugenie was almost happy. Then her companions gathered around her, no longer rivals and thorns in the flesh, but, like the Athenians, eager to hear something new. She taught them German songs, their united voices serving only as a foil to her powerful alto, which pierced the floors and walls, and reached at length the ears of the magnates in the counting-house. A pause that interfered with the correct calculation of dollars and cents was instantly forbidden on pain of dismissal. Debarred from taking all day or singing at noon, Eugenie thought with the French, perhaps, though in a different sense, that "what cannot be said can be sung, what cannot be sung can be danced." She would dance then: "Her inveterate foe, an irascible Hibernian, who was forewoman of the department in which Eugenie spent most of her time, pounced upon her, and peremptorily forbade any further exhibition of what she called "hazardous."

"The worst girl in the room," said Mother McGowan to Miss Emily, head of another department—Miss Emily, who seemed not only to see, but also to talk, and especially to listen, with her large eyes, and who drew her every soul in the building who had a trouble to tell. "The worst girl in the room! Yesterday at dinner-time I caught the young ragamuffin up on one of the cutting-tables dancing away for dear life; and there were all the other children taking their lesson, of course, and lifting low for her to keep step by while she held up her rag of a dress and whirled around like a spinning-jenny. She had pieces of yellow lawn twisted into sunflowers, and there they dangled from her long plaits, and I'll give you my word there is not a child in the place but would have been wearing rag roses and dancing the 'Rocky Road to Dublin' to-morrow if I hadn't caught her at her tricks. 'Come out of that, you young rowdy,' says I, and took her by the arm and brought her to the floor. 'What are you thinking of, to be dancing there? I'm not a rowdy,' says she, jerking away; 'and I'm not thinking of anything ugly, especially not of you!' To my very face, do you mind! Of course the children all laughed, but I was mad enough to fall on her and beat her then and there. I'll have her out of this Saturday night, for she is the plague of my life."

Now, Emily, do the best to save this little one, whom the gods have conspired to grind to powder! "When the pitcher falls upon the stone, woe unto the pitcher; when the stone falls upon the pitcher, whatever befalls, woe unto the pitcher!" "If you will send 'Genie over to my room," said Miss Emily, "you may take Carrie, who is far quiet. We must watch this Eugenie, who seems to be possessed"—adding softly to herself—"but only by the spirit of beautiful youth."

Glad to be rid of her, Mother McGowan, who was herself too overburdened with work to have time for training her troublesome charge, made the exchange at once: "They tell me you were dancing, Eugenie, and teaching other little girls. I am sure you will not do so anymore. Not that it is wrong to dance, but only to do so here," said Miss Emily.

"But Mother McGowan said I was a rowdy," said Eugenie, hotly, "and it is not true! I only dance because I have to."

"Must dance, Eugenie! Why?" "Oh, I get so tired sometimes, and my hands and feet feel as if they were tied with chains; I can feel them dragging after me; and my heart," touching lightly her breast, "sinks down so heavy that I cannot breathe. Then, if I were only in some place where I could dance or sing, I would feel rich, and glad, and light, like I do when I wake up in the morning, before I remember."

"But 'Genie, you know we must all be quiet here, or no work could be done. Think what a bedlam it would be if we all got up and danced when we felt the chains!"

"Do you ever feel them, Miss Emily?" said Eugenie, wondering.

"Oh, so heavy, sometimes! but I can make yours a little lighter. Be a good girl, and you shall go home with me on Saturday night, and stay

till Monday morning; I will play for you, and you may sing and dance till the chains are 'sunk' fathoms deep, and the katydids pipe unheard in a minute!" Waking, she had but one unfailing joy in spring time, and that was the display of flowers in the market she passed daily. Here was not simply a sentiment in regard to them.

"Be good!" She would be so good that only the quiet angels which little Catholic Katy talked about could be any better.

The days were now a little brighter for Eugenie. Not that her work was less, her hours shorter or her wages better, but she had found a friend. When stairs were swept and errands done, at least for a breathing-spell she could take her stool and sit at Miss Emily's feet, while her sharp, bright scissors glinted like a flash between the scallops of the dainty edging. She would have liked this work better than all the rest were it not for the fact that it was interminable, and, swift as she was, the swifter steam, that made the wheels whirl till they were wheels no longer, but blurs in the air, still drove her onward. Thousands upon thousands of yards were required every day to feed this monster, which swallowed with equal indifference the morsels which "Genie" and her companions supplied, or the cargo of a ship.

To the friend she had found Eugenie now clung with a faithfulness that aroused even the curiosity of Mr. Gabriel as he sauntered through the workrooms on his tour of surveillance. To Miss Emily he was ever gracious; her powerful alto, which pierced the floors and walls, and reached at length the ears of the magnates in the counting-house. A pause that interfered with the correct calculation of dollars and cents was instantly forbidden on pain of dismissal. Debarred from taking all day or singing at noon, Eugenie thought with the French, perhaps, though in a different sense, that "what cannot be said can be sung, what cannot be sung can be danced."

"How can you have that ragged child forever at your elbow?" he said. "Pardon me," said Miss Emily; "she is not ragged, but faded. She is a most interesting little creature, as you would find, I am sure, if you ever noticed her."

"Well, why do such people always hang out a flag and look so poor. Does the idea never occur to her mother that she needs a new dress?" "The idea may, perhaps, but Eugenie is one of seven."

"Of course. When did you ever hear of a poor couple who had but one child?"

"For that reason, I have taken her under my wing, and she shall learn all that I have power and time to teach her."

"You have even taken her home with you. Do you wish to open her eyes to the misery of her life by trying to make a lady of her?"

"I shall not try to make a lady of her, at least not in your sense of the word. If Eugenie is not good from the inside out, I cannot make her good from outside in. Did you ever notice how lovely Eugenie's eyes are?"

"Not I. I have enough to do to watch somebody else's. But I will wager that if Eugenie were questioned, her chief desire would be for something quite incompatible with her station in life. One of these velvet coats, for instance, or a lace over-dress, or a *fichu*, for I see she is no believer in beauty unadorned."

"I can tell you her heart's desire, for you would never guess it. In her own words, 'Leave to sing, and a whole garden full of roses to sing about!'

"She has superb taste, this daisy of yours. Is that all, or is everything else to be kept?"

"A pair of shoes which would never wear out, a dress long enough to cover the sole of my shoe; but I could eat a whole loaf of rye bread if I had the time to do it."

"If you will send 'Genie over to my room," said Miss Emily, "you may take Carrie, who is far quiet. We must watch this Eugenie, who seems to be possessed"—adding softly to herself—"but only by the spirit of beautiful youth."

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"Must dance, Eugenie! Why?"

"Allow me to withdraw my remark about her taste."

"Not that the liver is of any account," said she; "I might as well eat the sole of my shoe; but I could eat a whole loaf of rye bread if I had the time to do it."

"Are these enough to make her happy?" I presume not, since some one has defined enough as being just a little more than one has at present."

"A wiser man than you has asked: 'Will all the universe undertake to make one blackblot happy?'" Eugenie has still one wish ungratified. It is to give a party on her birthday."

"To which all the alleys are invited?"

"Nay; at dinner hour to her little companions."

"I see no objection to that, provided Eugenie can kill Mother McGowan before the day arrives. And by the way, here comes that strict disciplinarian now, bearing down on us like a brig under full sail."

And so in truth she is. Mother McGowan this fine autumn morning finds that yards of ribbon and whole pieces of lace are disappearing from under her very fingers. She confides not only this to Mr. Gabriel, but also her suspicion that Eugenie is the thief, on no other grounds than that she is poor and loves adornment.

"I will inquire into this matter," he says, gravely. "In the meantime do not allow Eugenie to know that you have any suspicions of her honesty."

And he saunters away from one department to another, asking apparently useless questions of the little girls, the errand boys, the forewomen and foremen. "Who is first in the workroom in the morning?" "Genie."

"Do you ever feel them, Miss Emily?" said Eugenie, wondering.

"Oh, so heavy, sometimes! but I can make yours a little lighter. Be a good girl, and you shall go home with me on Saturday night, and stay

"shades they had matched a week ago."

"Oh, you need not look at me, 'Genie'; I should never have thought of it; Miss Emily knows all about it," said Mr. Gabriel, who appeared at the door. He was there chiefly to watch for the flashes of delight coming from a pair of beautiful eyes; but he did not look for them in Eugenie's though hers were bright enough. The Empress herself never looked prettier.

"I think you ought to make a speech," said he.

"Oh, I couldn't make a speech, because"—with unconscious satire—"I never have any practice, but I only know the Empress herself could never have been any happier than I am today."

"We must leave her on this brightest day of her short life, which could never go on exactly as it had before. Miss Emily would teach her to sew on the sewing machine, and to make, piece by piece, those beautiful garments in the showroom, where the gas was always bright, and the figures in their satin mantles, and long robes trailing on the soft carpet, and the many reflections from the grand mirrors, made her seem like a ball that waited only for the music. What a triumph to see her handiwork displayed there, too. And then she could keep herself clothed, shod and fed, which for her, at least, was the duty that lay nearest."

"And Miss Emma and Gabriel? I do not know. Did you think he must marry her, as it always is in stories that are mere fable? She is still at her desk, and Eugenie watches him with jealous eyes. Is it fancy only that she thinks the chains drag heavier and show plainer on her friend after he leaves her side? "If only I could sink them both deep," muses she, as her bright scissors fly with incredible swiftness along the strips of edging. "If he wants to do something great now, why doesn't he make them lighter?"

Ab, Eugenie, "That alone is great, and there is no other greatness; to make some work of God's creation at little fruitfulness, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, happier, manful, more blessed, less assured!" It is work for God!"—*Harper's Monthly*.

Sweetness of Spirit.

We have known some ladies whose presence was always made apparent by the pervasion of the atmosphere with a subtle perfume; whether Lubin did it or not, we never knew; but the room always seemed fragrant just from their being in it, as if rare flowers had been breathing their delicate odors there. "We think all our readers will agree with us that there are some noble men who somehow carry, in a like manner, the charm of an attractive atmosphere with them. It is a pleasure just to look at them. Even when one differs in judgment from them as far as the poles are asunder, one is none the less drawn toward and fascinated by them. There is such sweetness in their spirit, such gracious gentleness in their manner, such kind, catholicity, such manly frankness, such thorough self-respect on one hand, and on the other hand, such perfect regard for the judgment of others that one cannot help loving them; however, conscience may compel conclusions, on matters of mutual consequence, unlike those which they have reached.

These are not weak men either. What people like in them is not, that with the everlasting unvarying thought of a mirror, they reflect back the thought which is presented to them, and so always at agreement with others. Sometimes one is even more drawn to them when they are in opposition, because they are so true and just that their aspect carries with it all the refreshment of variety with none of the friction of hostility.

Natural temper has something to do with this. God gives a great gift to a man when He gives him a sunny disposition, a candid spirit, and the instinct of fairness in controversy. It is exceptionally hard for some men to be. They are jealous, suspicious, and morose in their natural trend. It is hard for them to believe good of others. It is easy for them always to put the worst construction upon matters. It sometimes seems as if it were "almost more than grace itself can do to transform their tempers so that they will be just toward any man against whom they have been led to have a prejudice. *Congregationalist*.

A PHILANTHROPIST.

Mrs. Emma B. Drexel, wife of Francis A. Drexel, of Philadelphia, who died recently, paid the rent of more than one hundred and fifty poor families and distributed among the poor over \$20,000 a year. She employed a woman to institute inquiry into the merits of each applicant, and every week dispensed groceries, clothing, and money to the poor, who gathered every Tuesday in the rear of her residence.

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True glory takes root, and even spreads; all false pretenses, like flowers, fall to the ground; nor can any counterfeit last long.

The dignity of truth is lost with much protesting.

THE JEWISH TIMES.

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Francisco, California.

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THE JEWISH TIMES has a larger circulation in this city and State than all the other Jewish journals combined.

THE death of Moses, our great law-giver, occurred on the 7th of Adar, corresponding with the 18th of March passed. It was commemorated by many of our pious Israelites.

A Chicago judge has decided that an Israelite is not compelled to marry on *Yom Kippur*. The decision grew out of a breach of promise case, wherein the plaintiff sought to recover pecuniary damages for the failure of the defendant to marry on the day appointed. His defense was recognized as substantial, both in law and morals.

THE Young Men's Hebrew Association of St. Louis, does not seem to maintain the enthusiasm which attended its birth. According to the *Tribune* of that city, a special meeting of the Association was called, which but seven members responded, and that on a Sunday morning, too, and in new rooms. We can make a better showing in this city without any effort.

PURIM was celebrated with increased ardor this year. Large sums of money were expended for costumes, carriages, and the incidentals to what might be called a carnival of fun. But in all sincerity, how few of all the merry-makers had any conception of the events Purim commemorates, or realized the historic significance of the festival. It was not the scriptural Purim which the masses seemingly celebrated, but rather a day in the calendar which they set apart for fun and nothing more.

REV. A. L. GREEN died suddenly in London, 11th inst., aged 60 years. The deceased enjoyed a world-wide reputation for his usefulness and labors in the cause of the Jews and Judaism. He was chief minister of the Central Synagogue, of which the Rothschilds, Baron de Worms, Sir George Jessel and many of the most prominent London Israelites were members. Rev. Mr. Green contemplated an American tour immediately after Passover, but, alas for human calculations, he was cut down, and the eloquent preacher is no more. He left a widow which will be difficult to fill.

JEWISH SOCIAL EXCLUSIVENESS.

The average foreigner, reading of the lengths to which the Jews of America have carried their religious reforms, would be apt to think that Judaism itself is in danger in some quarters. He might naturally suppose that people who have introduced such sweeping changes in their synagogues and homes, would not be over-careful in regarding themselves and their children from levelling the few barriers which they have left standing between Judaism and other religions. Those who think this way, however, are greatly in error; the case is just the reverse, for, *res mirabile dictu*, the most advanced Jews among us are most exclusive in their social intercourse, and seem to dread most the intermingling of their families with Christian society. It is a very rare thing to meet Jews at Christian houses, and it is still more rare to find Christians at Jewish houses. This is in no way due to any intolerance of Jewish society on the part of the Christians, for among the well-educated of the higher classes of society, people of all beliefs, and people of no belief, are, all other things being equal, perfectly welcome. Nor is this state of affairs to be attributed to the absence of people of culture and position among the Jews, for there is hardly a city in the Union in which we do not contribute our quota to the learned professions, as well as to commercial callings. The cause is rather to be found in the fear, which is quite common among even the most intelligent of our people, that the free, social intercourse of Jews and Christians would lead to intermarriages. This feeling is so prevalent, particularly among the Germans, that few Jewish fathers or brothers, no matter how

lax in their religious observances would think of introducing a Christian gentleman to their daughters or sisters. They mix with Christians on Change, in the court room, and in their offices; they even have Christians for partners, but they do not, and will not invite them to their houses.

We have too high an appreciation of the fascinating powers of our girls, to say nothing of the susceptibility of our men, to deny that the fear of intermarriages with Christians may have grounds; but it does seem to us that the precaution taken against this danger is worse than the fear of it. That religion cannot be worth much which requires such close watching as this. And, apart from this view of the case, we believe that the Jews are doing great injury to themselves by this social self exile. Already it is a common thing to hear the distinction made between Jews and Americans, as though there were anything in our God-given religion which prevents, or was intended to prevent, an Israelite from being a true citizen of any enlightened country in the fullest sense of the word. It was our misfortune in the past, during the ages of persecution, to be forced to live entirely among ourselves, and be debarred the privilege of intercourse with the world, and we thus acquire many peculiarities which it is, or should be the aim of modern education, in these happier times to eradicate completely. It is clear that the perpetuation of this social exile will have precisely the opposite effect.

When we were proclaimed "peculiar people" it could hardly have been intended that we should go about figuratively speaking, with a placard on our backs announcing our religion. For, while no honest man is ashamed of his religion, no polite man flaunts his belief in his neighbor's face. And the danger of intermarriages with Christians, if it really exists, is not so widespread as to threaten any great part of our people, and the few cases that might occur would hardly exercise any influence upon the Jews as a body. At any rate, if it would, it is certain that the prevention is to be found rather in a stricter religious education of our children, and a closer attachment to our faith than in social exclusiveness. To prevent or forbid our children from mixing in Christian society, is really tantamount to telling them that we fear their religion has such a slender hold upon them that we are afraid to trust them in situations where the influences and teachings of that religion would have to be exerted. On the whole, it is, perhaps, better that one in a thousand of our people should marry out of our faith, than that the other nine hundred and ninety-nine should be denied the valuable privileges and undoubted advantages of social intercourse with the world.

It is not to be denied that intermarriages with Christians are objectionable and to be avoided, but we have too much confidence in Judaism and its professors to fear that such intermarriages will ever become common, or that the few which do occur will exert any general influence for evil upon our people, if they exert any evil influence at all outside of the family immediately interested. If our religion is so weak that it cannot stand by itself, but must continue to be boxed up in its own narrow circle, then our religion is a very poor one for our present circumstances, and was only good so long as we lived by ourselves; but if, as it is much more reasonable to believe, our religion is a strong one, which, except in a few isolated cases, is able to withstand, as it has for ages withstand all worldly influences, then we must admit that American Jewish society is doing a great folly and a great wrong in strengthening and rebuilding barriers between itself and other classes, which it should be the aim of all intelligent and progressive people to tear down and destroy.

A meeting to advocate and advance the spirit of Tolerance under the name of "Catholicity" with reference to the good and true in all the religions of the world, was held at Horticultural Hall, 28th street, near Broadway, on Sunday evening, 18th. Responses to the sentiment, as expressed in the Hebrew, Christian, Chinese, Buddhist, Greek, Roman, Arabian, and Persian scriptures, were made by letter or address from M. Moncure D. Conway and Max Muller of England, Dr. Freeman Clarke, John G. Whittier of Boston; Revs. H. W. Beecher, Robt. Collyer, Rev. M. R. Scherman of New York, with Mr. Peter Cooper and Mr. F. B. Thurber. The Rev. Dr. de Sola Mendes spoke to the Hebrew "sentiment."

Rev. Henry Messing, minister of the Beth-el congregation, St. Louis was agreeably surprised upon his return home from divine service, to find that an elegant set of dining-room furniture had been placed in his house by some unknown but generous donors. It was a birthday present from a number of his admirers.

Wishing you all a merry Purim, I am yours, KARL GURKE.

Correspondence.

PORLTAND, March 22, 1883.

EDITOR JEWISH TIMES: Would I drop a few lines to THE TIMES occasionally? Of course I would, with pleasure. Why, would you believe, if I were to tell you, that here, in this great metropolis (*in embryo*), in this great railroad center of the new Northwest (at present there are but two lines terminating here), in this future Boston of the Pacific Coast, one will, despite the attractions in and about experience *ennui*. In such a case there is certainly no better way than by simply wrapping yourself in your morning gown, lighting your pipe of Turkish, locking the door, and picking up your pen to tell the public of what you don't know.

PORLTAND.

I shall not describe its location, climate, nor resources, but will refer the reader, who desires to inform him or herself thoroughly of the magnificence of this New Eldorado, to the millions of circulars and maps issued by the immigration society and sent broadcast. I shall not write a word about Mount Hood, standing, seemingly, sentinel over our destinies, and clad in her innocent garb of snowy white, glittering in the scorching rays of an Oregon sun, (?) and showing the Web-footers the nearest road to heaven. I shall not mention the majestic Columbia rolling down at times with an indescribable fury, reflecting upon its mirror-like surface the faded azure of an Oregon sky, washing industriously the big toe of the Cascade range, and heaping up at its mouth a deposit of sand, that will in no manner be coaxed away until Government shall have applied an antidote to it in the shape of a million or two. I shall not dwell at all upon any of those subjects that make the heart of the true Williamiteon swell with pride. But I will tell you of things as I shall view them from the standpoint of a contributor to the JEWISH TIMES.

The city of Portland contains indeed a large percentage of Israelites. By striking an average, we find that they are an intelligent, industrious, and thrifty set. Of course, this is not a novel estimate of the character of a Jewish community. Still as much has to be said of them wherever they are found. And when a hired scribbler prostitutes his talents in the probable interest of some grasping commercial ring, he has the lie flung at him, by their religion has such a slender hold upon them that we are afraid to trust them in situations where the influences and teachings of that religion would have to be exerted. On the whole, it is, perhaps, better that one in a thousand of our people should marry out of our faith, than that the other nine hundred and ninety-nine should be denied the valuable privileges and undoubted advantages of social intercourse with the world.

It is not to be denied that intermarriages with Christians are objectionable and to be avoided, but we have too much confidence in Judaism and its professors to fear that such intermarriages will ever become common, or that the few which do occur will exert any general influence for evil upon our people, if they exert any evil influence at all outside of the family immediately interested. If our religion is so weak that it cannot stand by itself, but must continue to be boxed up in its own narrow circle, then our religion is a very poor one for our present circumstances, and was only good so long as we lived by ourselves; but if, as it is much more reasonable to believe, our religion is a strong one, which, except in a few isolated cases, is able to withstand, as it has for ages withstand all worldly influences, then we must admit that American Jewish society is doing a great folly and a great wrong in strengthening and rebuilding barriers between itself and other classes, which it should be the aim of all intelligent and progressive people to tear down and destroy.

The spiritual nourishment which our brethren require once a year is being given them in small doses at two establishments. The compound in these two places is not the same. But then of this I will mention at some future day. Let me add, however, that one congregation is presided over by the Reverend Doctor Rosenspitz. I cannot tell of his qualifications as a Rabbi. As a man, I consider Sitz a very unique fellow. His apparel is that of a clergyman of the Episcopal church, yet he swings his cane with a dash worthy of a Kearny street dandy. We shall forgive him for it, however, if he will only acquit himself well on Passover. I shall then give you my impression of him as a rabbi. Should any of your readers consider this an irreverent account of a reverend gentleman, I will inform him that these lines were penned on Purim, a day where levity is permissible from Jerusalem to Portland.

Having said that much, I will stop, else you may think that I am a too enthusiastic celebrant of the great day.

Wishing you all a merry Purim, I am yours, KARL GURKE.

OAKLAND, March 26, 1883.

EDITOR JEWISH TIMES: The annual Masquerade Ball, in commemoration of one of the most important events in Jewish history, and for the very practical benefit of the First Hebrew Congregation, was given at Germania Hall, last Saturday night. Though my ticket stated that the grand march would begin precisely at 9:30, full half an hour beyond that time elapsed before the first note of music was heard. However, punctuality is an unknown quality with the managers of a ball. Well, this affair was well attended, and proved a financial success, to which happy result the San Francisco merchants largely contributed. These contributions may have been made upon the score of love and sympathy for the cause of Judaism and to assist in the propagation of the faith, but there are some who are skeptical enough to affirm that the purchase of tickets at \$2.50 each was the reluctant offering to the retail merchants of Oakland to secure and hold their trade. However, the congregation benefits by their dollars, and that was the chief end and aim of those who labored for the success of the ball. As a masquerade ball, it fell far behind similar events of former years, which circumstance is due to the fact that there were several like affairs in San Francisco the same evening.

The Reception Committee consisted of Messrs. A. Jonas, M. S. Beel, J. M. Cohen, A. Cerf, E. Bernstein, Louis Lissner, and Leon Herschberg, who were very attentive to the comfort of the guests. Mr. Joseph Harris was the efficient floor manager, and was ably assisted by F. E. Bernstein, J. Herschberg, H. Kahn, L. Kahn, M. Jacob, M. Jonas, Sig. Beel, and J. Abramson as floor committee.

The music was furnished by Prof. Dreyfuss, was most excellent. The ball proved, both socially and financially, a great success.

At 9 o'clock the grand march began, Mr. Paul Friedman leading with Miss Eva Rosenthal. The gallery was well-filled with spectators, and by 10 o'clock the number of dancers had increased to 200. All of the toilettes were neat and pretty, and many of them were rich and elegant. The music, under the skilful direction of Prof. Dreyfuss, was most excellent.

The reception committee on the part of the participants, and great zeal and industry on those who so kindly interested themselves towards making the affair such a complete success. The general direction of the entertainment was in the skillful hands of Mrs. Seixas Solomons, ably seconded by her accomplished daughter, Miss Selina Solomons. To Mrs. George Graham, the efficient and popular matron of the Asylum, no little praise must be awarded for the supervision of the children in connection with the beautiful exhibition, which was so happily and satisfactorily terminated.

The utmost enthusiasm prevailed among the audience, and earnest wishes were expressed for a repetition of the entertainment at some large hall, with assurances of substantial financial returns. To this proposition the management has not yet given any consideration. The programme as appended was faithfully carried out, not a single number having been omitted or curtailed.

Part I.—Opening Address, Berte Schwartz; High Fling, Lottie Saalburg; Concert Recitation, "Victor Galbraith"; Song, "Out in the Cold Word"; Bertha Plato; "The Courtship and Marriage of Mr. Frog"; Little Girls; Recitation, "The Ashes of the Dead," written by Mr. Henry Netter, of this city, will be produced at Platt's Hall next Wednesday evening.

A grand complimentary benefit has been tendered to Madam Inez Fabri Muel'er and her pupils, the sisters Florence and Lillie Siperly. The concert will take place at Platt's Hall, next Thursday evening.

IT is unofficially announced that the net receipts of the Ladies Hebrew Benevolent Society Ball, last Tuesday night, will reach the handsome amount of \$1,700.

THE Ladies' Zion Society will hold their annual ball Sunday, April 8th at B'nai B'rith Hall. This institution accomplishes a vast amount of good work in the field of charity, and the worthy ladies should meet with the most substantial encouragement.

MISS FANNIE BERNSTEIN, graduated at the State University last week, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Miss Bernstein is the first Jewess to receive these honors in the history of our University, and she has earned them in the face of many obstacles.

MR. D. AARON and wife celebrated their 20th wedding anniversary at their residence on Harriet Street, last Saturday evening. Among the many visitors of the evening were the University Divisions of Pythian and Pacific Lodges, Knights of Pythias, under command of Sir Knight Commander Frank B. May, preceded by the Second Regiment Band. Grand Chancellor J. H. Harry made an appropriate speech congratulatory and also complimentary to Mr. Aaron's zeal for the Pythian Order. A serenade followed, and the company formed into line and returned to their headquarters.

A MUSICAL TRIUMPH.

We gladly give space to the following notice of Miss Carrie Goldsticker, an old time personal friend of the editor of this paper, who, with her many friends, rejoices at her final triumph over many obstacles to success in the career she has chosen for her life work. The St. Louis correspondent of the *American Israelite* writes to that journal as follows:

"Miss Carrie Goldsticker, formerly of this city, and for the last four years permanently engaged as first prima donna at the great court opera in Karlsruhe, in the Duchy of Baden, sheds light and luster upon the name of this city, her birthplace, and where she obtained her early musical training. All the expectations of her numerous friends in this and other Western cities, where previous to her departure for Europe several years ago, she had exhibited the marvelous power and sweet melodious flow of her voice in public concerts, as well as private soirees, have been more than realized, and she now reaps the harvest of her genius and talent. On the 28th of January, Miss Goldsticker sang in Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine*. A critic in *Der Badische Beobachter* writes very enthusiastically of her work. Among other good things, he says:

"The palm of the evening belongs to Fraulein Goldsticker. She proved eminently effective as Selica; purity of intonation, flowing ease, with which she modulated, especially the beauty and clearness of the piano parts in her singing, these were the attributes that rendered her triumph. In the dramatic moments she developed power and wealth, and in the last, the death scene, she evinced a certain degree of reserve which fits decidedly so advantageously to the seriousness of the moment's character. Selica is one of the best artistic productions of Miss Goldsticker, and the abundant applause with which the house rewarded her was fully deserved. More recently the lady sang in a grand concert before the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden. It was an occasion of extraordinary splendor, to which over five hundred of the most distinguished personages had been invited.

Dr. Merriman's *Fragrant Kalliodont* adds to personal beauty by preserving and beautifying the teeth.

STOCKTON.

BALL BY THE JEWISH RESIDENTS.

The Hebrew Ladies' Benevolent Society gave a grand ball, last Thursday evening, 22d inst., at Turner Hall, for the benefit of the Jewish Cemetery Fund which was well attended and proved, in every respect, an enjoyable affair. The hall was tastefully decorated with baskets of choice and rare flowers, typical of the grace and beauty of the devotees of Terpsichore. The walls of the room were adorned with bunting and evergreens, set off by pictures and suggestive fans. Bird-cages hung suspended from the ceiling, and the singing of the canaries seconded the strains of the music. Mrs. E. Gumpert, Mrs. M. Kaiser, and Mrs. B. Kohlberg composed the Reception Committee. The Floor Director was Paul Friedman, and the Floor Committee consisted of Arthur Levinson, William Gumpert and Martin P. Stein.

At 9 o'clock the grand march began,

Mr. Paul Friedman leading with

Miss Eva Rosenthal.

The gallery was well-filled with spectators, and by 10 o'clock the number of

dancers had increased to 200. All of the

toilettes were neat and pretty, and many of them were rich and elegant. The

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which was so happily and satisfactorily

terminated.

The utmost enthusiasm

The Mission of Woman.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE LIFE OF QUEEN ESTHER, AS BROUGHT INTO PROMINENCE BY THE PURIM FESTIVAL. A DISCOURSE DELIVERED BY REV. M. S. LEVY, LAST SATURDAY MORNING, AT THE OAKLAND SYNAGOGUE.

Rev. M. S. Levy uttered some very practical thoughts in connection with the character of Queen Esther and the general mission of woman in his Sabbath's discourse, which was listened to by an unusually large audience. The minister prefaced his remarks with a somewhat elaborate reference to the event which the day commemorated, and then dwelt upon his theme as follows. He said:

For several years past much has been written and spoken about woman's rights, woman's mission, woman's culture and woman's work. Amidst the many exaggerated and distorted statements we continually hear, it is a relief to turn to the Bible and glean from its inspired pages the lessons taught us by the women of old in relation to this important subject. I have selected this morning the character of Esther, in honor of the festival, and from that simple, unaffected tale I will try to impress you with the true mission of woman.

After a brief introduction into the state of affairs in the Persian Kingdom, the Bible introduces Esther to our notice in words which always enlist the warmest sympathy of the human heart. For Esther had neither a mother nor father. A poor orphan girl, she stood alone in the world, deprived of a mother's tender love or a father's fostering care. But that Heavenly Father who promised "leave thy fatherless unto Me, I will keep them alive," had mercifully provided for her a guardian in her cousin, Mordecai, and when her father and mother were dead, he took her to be his own daughter. It is evident from every word of the simple narrative that Esther's character must have been very carefully moulded by her relation. Trustful, unquestioning obedience to his wishes seems to have been the main spring of every act of her life. She was fair and beautiful, and was crowned as the consort of the mighty King of Persia and Media, and though removed from the home of Mordecai his thoughts and loving care followed her. For he walked daily to the palace to know how Esther did and what should become of her. And that Esther requited this love with devoted obedience we glean from the fact that she, the Queen, surrounded by luxury and state, to which her childhood and youth had never been accustomed, still did the wishes of Mordecai like as when she was brought up with him.

How significant, how eloquent are these simple words. Esther was of the tender age in which the mind and temperament are more plastic—more open to receive the impressions of the circumstances and characters that surround them, than to remember and follow the teachings and examples of earlier life. Yet so great were the impressions of her life, that to obey was as natural to her as to believe. The name by which Esther is first introduced to us in the narrative seems to me to symbolize her character. The Hebrew name signifies literally "The Myrtle," the emblem of modesty and innocence, so frail and tender that it needs shelter and care to preserve it from the storms of winter and the heat of summer. And even as the myrtle requires the care bestowed upon it by diffusing its sweet fragrance around, so did Esther repay the loving solicitude of Mordecai by her devoted, dutiful obedience, by her unshaken piety in prosperity as well as in adversity. Joined to this, the loving spirit of Esther is proven by her devotion and patriotism for her people. Thus you have my type, my ideal of woman. If you would raise in your midst loving, religious, and obedient daughters and sons then know your mission. To neglect to impress your children with the truths of our religion, its sublime lessons of faith, of hope and of duty, to make of the Sabbath a day for bazaar and shopping, are the first seeds of evil in the prolific soil of the place, and which years of argument and entreaty can never efface. Why is it that your women, born in foreign lands, are to be found, after years of labor and care, still clinging tenaciously to the faith of your fathers? How is it that men, old in the service of God, still adhere to His sacred commandments, while the young and frivolous American mother and young lady is, seldom, if ever, found in the house of God? My answer to the foregoing question is because the holy mission entrusted to your care has been lost sight of in the eagerness to have your children compete with those of your neighbor. You have forgotten that they have immortal souls, and hence their utter disregard to everything connected with religion. Can you wonder, under these circumstances, that indifference is the rule in our religion, and that the conservative religious youth and maiden is the exception? Woman has been placed on earth in order that she might, by her very nature, give effect

to the commands of God; for true felicity is attained only by following God and leading a life acceptable to Him. To neglect this mission is to bring misery and discontentment in lieu of bliss, peace and contentment.

Ah, truly did they call these Esther! a star! and richly didst thou deserve thy name; for brightly didst thou shine in the day of thy people's sorrow, a lustrous lode star, which, with God's help led them to enlargement and deliverance. Mothers and daughters of Israel, is it not a source of pride to you to remember, as the feast of Purim comes to us year by year, that the great event we celebrate was the work of a woman? God needed not the help of any creature to work out His will; but in this lesson, as in all others, we are taught that all can be useful in working out the great designs of Providence. No danger seems to threaten us from without. Yet all the sons of Amalek have not died.

Yet our bitterest foes come from the rank and file of our own people, by our indifference and chilling apathy. It is for you women, mothers, to implant warmth and enthusiasm into the hearts of your husbands, sons, brothers and daughters. Though you are not rulers over a mighty kingdom, you are queens in your own homes. It is for you women of Israel to wear the crown of religion in your homes, and to sway the scepter of your great influence over all its members.

Do not try to arrogate to yourselves the rights of man. Exercise worthily the true rights of woman—rights which are not less arduous, though they are more blissful in results, than those of man. You may then ask me—the rights of woman, what are they? I reply—

The right to labor and to pray; The right to watch while others sleep; The right o'er others woes to weep; The right to help when in reverse; The right to bless, while others curse; The right to love, whom others scorn; The right to comfort all who mourn; The right to shed new joys on earth; The right to feel the soul's high worth; The right to lead the soul to Heaven. Such women religion and God will bless,

And crown their champions with success.

North, South, East and West

The Young Men's Hebrew Association of Boston has established an employment bureau.

Hon. Isidor Bush is preparing material for a history of the Jews of St. Louis.

Mr. H. B. Sommer lectured before the Y. M. H. A. of Philadelphia, 17th inst. Subject, "The Jew of To-Day."

Mr. William Thalheimer, one of the first of the German Jewish settlers in Richmond, Va., died in that city, 24th inst., aged 74 years.

Mr. Jacob Schiff, of New York, has donated \$100 toward the fund for rebuilding the German Synagogue of Kingston, Jamaica, destroyed by fire last year.

"The American Sons of Israel" is the name of a new order projected by some dissatisfied members of the Improved Order Sons of Israel.

Rev. Dr. Schieber has voluntarily transferred himself from Mobile to Deaver. The salary at the latter place at the latter place is larger, and the opportunities greater.

Mrs. H. Newmark, of Los Angeles, celebrated their silver wedding last Saturday evening. From the newspapers we learn that it was one of the most royal affairs ever witnessed in that city.

Rev. Dr. E. G. Hirsch delivered a lecture from his pulpit in Sinai Temple, Chicago, Sunday, 11th inst., on "Mohammed or Islamism." The Occident of that city publishes the lecture in full.

The Hebrew Educational Society of Philadelphia received contributions of \$7,170 and expended \$6,776 during the year. The Society has been in operation 36 years, and has accomplished untold good in the sphere of its labors.

From our New York exchanges we learn that the ball at the Academy of Music, in that city, given by the Purim Association, eclipsed all their former efforts. It was magnificent in every detail, and the cause of charity reaped a rich harvest.

Last Friday the inmates of the Home for Aged and Infirm Hebrews at Eighty-Seventh St. and Avenue A, were removed to the large new structure at 105th and 106th Sts. and 9th Ave., New York. The building was commenced about a year ago, and is now ready for occupancy. It cost about \$150,000. The dedication exercises were of a very brief and simple character, and were followed by a Purim reception from 11 o'clock A. M. until 6 P. M.

Much regret is manifested in New York over the death of Mr. Siegmund Spiegel, a young lawyer of talent and an industrious and zealous worker in all Jewish charitable enterprises. His funeral took place from the Orphan

Asylum Synagogue, Rev. Dr. Baar officiating. Addresses were also made by Myer Stern Esq., President of the Asylum, and also by Mr. Adolph L. Sanger at the cemetery.

The Boston "Daily Globe" reports the following from Portland, Maine,

under date of 13th inst:

Prominent Jews here say there has been a sudden and not easily to be explained manifestation of ill-feeling against them. Last Friday, Isaac Abrams, merchant, a member of the firm of Abrams & Shalet, and two other Jews were stopped by three young men, David Logan, "Jack" McCarty and Ned Logan, all between the ages of seventeen and nineteen.

McCarty said, "Abrams, I'd like to get a chance to kill a Jew to-day," and challenged one of the younger Jews to fight. Abrams tried to keep the peace, and McCarty hit him a terrible blow on the head, making a very long cut. While Abrams was senseless, he was kicked on the back and head several times. All were arrested, but discharged the next day by the marshal because Abrams did not appear, though a certificate of a physician was furnished that he would not be able to leave the house for ten days, while a report was circulated that Abrams was dead.

A boy called out a seven-year old girl, a child of the president of the Jewish congregation, and said: "One Jew is killed, and I'll kill you," making at the same time a rush at her with a knife.

"About the same time a young Jewish pedler was set upon and badly beaten, and other Jews say they have been constantly insulted of late."

Cradle, Altar and Tomb.

BIRTHS.

FROHMAN—in Portland, O., March 21, to the wife of LEONATZ FROHMAN, a son.

SCHOENFELD—in this city, March 22, to the wife of LEOPOLD SCHOENFELD, a son.

LINDAUER—in this city, March 20, to the wife of Gustave LINDAUER, a son.

HARRIS—in this city, March 25, to the wife of I. HARRIS, a daughter.

SHERMANSKY—in this city, March 26, to the wife of M. SHERMANSKY, a son.

COHEN—in this city, March 27, to the wife of A. COHEN, a son.

FASS—in this city, March 22, to the wife of J. FASS, a son.

LIEBMAN—in this city, March 23, to the wife of LOUIS LIEBMAN, a son.

SWEDISH DYSPEPSIA CURE

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

RETROTHALS.

HAAS—ADELSDORFER—MISS MARY ADELSDORFER, of this city, to Mr. ISAAC HAAS, of El Paso, Texas.

WITT—SCHMITT—MISS NATALIE SCHMITT, of this city, to Mr. JULIUS WITT, of New York.

ABRAMS—BLOOM—MISS REBECCA BLOOM, of this city, to Mr. LOUIS ABRAMS, of Cloverdale, Cal.

LOBREE—SHAWL—in this city, March 25, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. Dr. Falk Vidaver, LOUIS LOBREE to ANNIE SHAWL both of this city.

ASHER—SELO—in this city, March 25, at the residence of the bride's aunt, 297 Clementine street, by Rev. A. Brown, ISAAC ASHER to BEERTHA SELO.

SCHWARTZ—COHEN—in this city, March 20, ISRAEL SCHWARTZ to NETTIE COHEN, both of this city.

LEWIS—SAMUELS—in this city, March 27, H. D. LEWIS to CLARA SAMUELS, both of this city.

HARRIS—HARRIS—in this city, March 25, by the Rev. Dr. A. J. MESSING, MITCHELL G. HARRIS to MRS. AMELIA HARRIS, both of this city.

BARON—LEVY—in this city, March 27, by Rev. Dr. A. J. MESSING, SAMUEL BARON, of Tombstone, A. T., to MISS HANNAH LEVY, of this city.

MOSS—BORNSTEIN—in this city, March 28, by Rev. Dr. A. J. MESSING, MORRIS MOSS to MISS HATTIE BORNSTEIN, both of Victoria British Columbia.

GUTMAN—SCHWARTZ—in this city, March 28, by the Rev. Dr. ELKAN COHN, G. A. GUTMAN, of Willow, Cal., to MINNIE SCHWARTZ of San Francisco.

DIED.

LEVY—in Sacramento, March 26, LOUIS LEVY, a native of England, aged 55 years.

Puny, weak, and sickly children, need Brown's Iron Bitters. It will strengthen and invigorate them.

As an old physician, retired from practice having had placed in his hands by an East Indian apothecary the formula of a simple vegetable medicine for the speedy and efficient cure of all the diseases of the human body, such as Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousand of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

SWEDISH DYSPEPSIA CURE.

MR. FRED. SANDELIN—

Dear Sir: After suffering from Dyspepsia for the last 16 years, and trying all known remedies without obtaining any relief, I feel highly gratified to be able to inform you that 7 bottles of your SWEDISH DYSPEPSIA CURE has entirely cured me. Yours truly,

J. B. FIELDS.

Police Officer, West Oakland.

A NEW FIRM.

MESSES. SHIFFER AND SCHWARTZ have secured the premises formerly occupied by Levison, at 733 Market Street, opposite Dupont, where they will conduct a general merchant tailoring business. These gentlemen have had a long experience in their special line and patrons will receive careful attention and guaranteed satisfaction.

LATIN NEW EXTENSION SPRING BED.

THE FOLLOWING LETTER EXPLAINS ITSELF.

GENTLEMEN—Having sold and used your Spring Beds for more than one year past, we take pleasure in recommending them to all in want of an economical and durable bed. Taken all in all, for a low-priced bed, in our opinion it has no superior.

Very respectfully,

CAL. FURNITURE MFG. CO.

B. P. MOORE, Sec., 226 Bush St.

Manufactury 946 Howard Street, between Fifth and Sixth.

SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY.

The South Pacific Coast Railroad Company (narrow gauge) has issued a very neat descriptive list of hotels, boarding houses and excursion grounds, with names and post-office addresses of proprietors located along the line of its road, including San Jose and Santa Cruz. These lists are for free distribution, and we call attention of our readers and of committees to the superior advantages of this route for a summer holiday. The Santa Cruz mountains are unrivaled for campers and health-seekers. The Big Tree Grove and Santa Cruz are glorious places for excursionists. Schutz Park, under the new management of Capt. Cautus and Newark Park by Julius Wildersmith are perfect picnic grounds. These lists with folders descriptive of the road, time tables, rates of fares, etc., can be obtained at all of the Company's offices, or at 222 Montgomery street, and at passenger station out of Market street, south side, San Francisco. All offices are connected by telegraph and express. For special and excursion rates and contracts apply to R. M. Garratt, General Freight and Ticket Agent, at the General Office.

DIGNITY is expensive, and without other good qualities is not particularly profitable.

BE always at leisure to do good; never make business an excuse to decline offices of humanity.

BEAUTIFUL skin, and fair complexion, robust health, and powers of endurance follow the use of Brown's Iron Bitters.

FLOWERS and Feathers in great variety. Ladies will do well to call and supply themselves at "The Pansy" New Feather and Flower Store, 120 Post street.

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1821

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PLEATING, PINKING AND

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ROOM 1.

ROYAL,

NORWICH UNION

AND

THE JEWISH TIMES.

THE JEWISH TIMES.
San Francisco, Cal.

FRIDAY MARCH 30, 1883.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL R.

LOVE SONG.

(From the Hebrew of Judah Ha-Levi.)
How beautiful the gentle dove beside you woof:
Land rill—
Mine eyes upon her loveliness can never fe: then
All.

Lo, silver hath its vein, but where
Shall dove like mine
Be found? Thou art as Tirzah fair,
Jerusalem's splendor, bright and rare,
My-love, is thine!

Why dost thou turn about thy face
From side to side,
To seek in tents a dwelling place?
Behold, my head hath ample space;
There safe abide!

As to the honey turns the bee,
Seek thou my breast;
For man do woe with golden plea.
But I have given my heart to thee,
Of gifts the best!

S. SOLIS COHEN, in the *Association Bulletin*.

Jonathan and His Armorer-Bearer.

We read in the first book of Samuel, I, 4, v. 6 and 7, the following: "And Jonathan said to the young man that bore his armor, come, let us go over to the outposts of the Philistines; it may be that the Lord will work for us; for there is no restraint to the Lord to save by means of many or by means of few. And his armor bearer said unto him: Do all that is in thy heart, behold, I am with thee according to thy heart."

My children, one of the most amiable personages in the Bible, was, without doubt, that noble-hearted Jonathan, the great and valiant Son of Saul. The more we enter into his character, the more we like, admire and adore him. He, like Joseph, possessed the rare gifts of capturing at once the heart of every one with whom he came in immediate contact, and the charm he spread over every word he spoke, and every act he performed, had such a magical influence upon the minds of man that they forthwith were attached to his person. I do not hesitate, therefore, to recommend to him, you, my children, and to all young folks as a fitting example from which you can learn how to gain the affections of your fellow-men, and for this special reason I shall try to give you in a series of lectures a little picture of Jonathan, intending to introduce him to you, first, in his relation to his armor-bearer, secondly, in his position to his friends, and, at last, in his quality as a soldier and man of the people.

My children, there are persons, who, by their kindness, amiability, and sweet temper, gain at once the hearts of men. Such a man of lovable qualities was Jonathan. Through a kind of magnetism, dwelling in his soul, he attracted every one with whom he was brought together. This magical power was even felt by his little armorer-bearer, for when asked by his master to accompany him in his daring exploits, he cordially assents to his proposal by uttering those beautiful words: "Do all that is in thy heart, I am with thee according to thy heart." Wherever you hear sentiments of this kind expressed, you may rest assured that both parties must have been connected by a strong and sympathetic tie. And how could it be otherwise? The little armor-bearer honored in his master a man who gently spoke to him, who kindly advised him, who joyfully entertained him, who often gave him proofs of his undaunted courage and bravery, and with whom at last he bore together the pleasures and bounties of the day, while his master found in his assiduous attendant a young man, who strictly obeyed him, who faithfully clung to him, whose dutiful conduct elicited his entire approval and to whom he could confide so trustfully the great intentions and secrets of his heart.

There was, however, another strong tie that kept them so closely united. It appears that they had the same strong belief in the one God above us and that thus they prominently relied on His assistance as regards the matter and object they sought to accomplish. This is evidently shown to us in Jonathan's remark to his armor-bearer, when he so trustfully exhorts him: "There is no restraint to the Lord to save by means of many or few." This very sentence found thousand years afterwards an echo of approval in the soul of that prophet Zechariah, when he tried to encourage his down-hearted people by those daring words: "Not by might, nor by power, but by spirit, saith the Lord."

Learn then, my children, that little armor-bearer how to win in future the affection and good will of your superiors. Try to live with them in constant sympathetic union and concord. Treat them on all occasions with that respect and honor that is due to them. And when moreover you seek to perform those duties, which are assigned to you with a joyful face and conscientious will, you may be assured that your work will prosper, your services will be appreciated, and that a mutual understanding will be effected, in which like Jonathan and his armor-bearer your heart will turn in affection towards your employer, and your employer's heart in affection towards your own self. Amen.

* Words spoken by Dr. Baar before the children of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, on Saturday, March 2. Re-published from the *American Hebrew*.

Anything that makes the heart warmer, anything that makes the current of affection run fuller, anything that makes gratitude and love and honor and truth and faith stronger, makes the man stronger.

Ladies Lore.

Modern Dancing.

The motions, hops, whirls and genuflexions permissible in polite society, are described as follows in a New York letter to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*: "Fashions in dancing present no striking change since last season. The American Society of Professors of Dancing, which has its headquarters in this city, held its annual meeting last week, and decided to recognize no new dances. They voted to discard the 'ravet' from their lessons, and to forbid it altogether in their academies. Notwithstanding this action, I have seen it indulged in at every ball which I have attended. Its name is a slang one for the better known Redowa-galop-step, and originated in the fact that the music which was at first used for it was 'the Racket-waltz.' It is called in various sections the 'Society,' the 'Newport,' the 'Ripple,' and the 'Rock-away.' It is regarded as too showy for modest girls, and themselves into, and this is the reason why professors have undertaken to place it under taboo. The round dances which strict propriety permits this year are the plain waltz and redowa. The latter may be varied by what is called the polka Bohemia, a toe-and-heel step, that is not theatrical if quietly and gracefully done. The close hugging, sometimes indulged in last winter by couples who ought to have known better, is now visibly relaxed, and altogether I think that dancing is rather freer from abuses than before. The square dances in use at the public balls are the plain quadrille, and the plain and Saratoga lancers. In the latter, the couples form parallel lines and dance together, the figures and movements remaining similar to those of the ordinary lancers. The German is danced still in private assemblies, but never at large balls. A new round dance in some vogue in parlors is called the Russe, and partakes of the character of the galop and mazourka combined. There is also a square dance called the National Guard, composed of squares and circles of a somewhat military character. The Polo quadrille, with its rapid all-hands-round, proved too much of a circus to please women, and has gone pretty nearly out of fashion. Variations of the polka are frequently seen, and the old-fashioned Virginia reel is extensively revived."

PRIDE OF CHARACTER.

Over the outer coat of plum and apricot there grows a bloom more beautiful than the fruit itself—a soft, delicate powder that overspreads its rich colors. Now, if you strike your hand over that, and it is once gone, it is gone forever; it only appears once. The flower that hangs in the morning impaled with dew—arrayed with jewels—once shake it, so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it can never be made again what it was when the dew fell gendy on from heaven.

On a frosty morning you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes, mountains, lakes and trees, blended into a fantastic picture. Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger, or by the warmth of the palm, all the delicate tracery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character, which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored—a fringe more delicate than frost-work which, when torn and broken, will never be repaired. When a young lad or girl leaves the parents' house, with the blessing of a mother's tears still wet upon the cheek, if early purity of character be once lost, it is a loss that can never be made up again. Such is the consequence of crime. Its effect cannot but be in some way felt, though by God's mercy it may be forgiven.

COMMON SENSE.

One pound of learning requires ten pounds of common sense to apply it. This is the reason why so many men with but a limited education outstrip thousands of our college graduates in the race for life—men in all professions and trades. Education is a good thing, the best equipment, with character, that any young man can possess when starting out to battle for himself. But how often do we see graduates of colleges left far in the rear by men with but a tenth of their knowledge of books, but far above them in practical common sense, and persistent, intelligent industry—rugged characters who would have been greater men had they possessed the book learning of their college competitors, and had fast to their common sense.

A DISASTROUS KISS.

A young man called to see his sweetheart in Salem, O., from whom he had been separated for eight months. He was so much elated, when she opened the door in answer to his rap, that he grabbed her in his arms and in his delirium of delight kissed her in the ear. She uttered a little scream, which under the circumstances attracted no attention. The next day, in explaining the case to the doctor, she said she heard something snap like a fiddle string breaking. The tympanum of her ear was ruptured beyond the possibility of repair.

SILK.

The world's production of silk is estimated at \$10,000,000, and something over 500,000 operatives are employed in this industry. France leads with 170,000 operatives and a product of \$240,000,000. According to the report of Mrs. Wyckoff, 44,440 persons are employed in the United States in the manufacture of silk, and the total value of the product is \$34,410,63, thus producing about eight per cent. of the total production of the world.

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JIM'S WANTED EDUCATION.

"Jim, it do seem to me dat yer's putting yer education 'ter a mighty po' use. I ain't heard a big word from yer. I can un'erstan' yer gist as well as I did 'fore yer went to dat school. Ef a man's educated I want him to talk so I can't un'erstan' him. Me an' yer mudder hab been talkin' bout dis matter, an' we's so grieved way down in de flesh. Jim, what's de big word for grasshopper?"

"Orthopterous insects of the genus grillus, according to Webster," replied the young man.

"But why the tudder day when dem folks was heah' yer spoke of a grasshopper jest de same as de ignorant nigger in de country an' brought shame down on de heads of yer mudder an' myself. What's de big word for goat?"

"Mammiferous quadruped of the genus capra," answered the young man.

"But why didn't yer say so 'stead of sayin' goat like a nigger an' bringin' in de tingle ob embarrassment to yer fader's face? What did I gin yer dat schoolin' fur—talk like an un-educated son of a po' white man? Think dat I's gwine ter keep yer heah in idleness lesser you can refek credic in me? Jim, what is de big word fur blamed fool?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Ver don't? Den yer ain't quainted wid yerself. Ver doan' recognize whar yer stands. Go out dar in de field with a mule an' identify yersel."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

IDIOM AND PROVERBS.

"The necessity don't know the how."

"To meet any one nose-at-nose."

"Few, the bird make her nest."

"A horse paared (borrowed) don't look him the tooth."

"Take out the live coals with the hand of the cat."

"Keep the chestnut of the fire with the cat foot."

"So much go the jar to spring that at last it break there."

"There is not better sauce, who the appetite."

"Tell me whom thou frequent, I will tell you which you are."

"It wants not to speak of a rope in the house of a hanged."

"God give the cold according to the dress."

"The mountain in work put out a mouse."

"After the death, the doctor."

"He is not so devil as he is black."

"Cat scalped fear the cold water."

"Spoken of the wolf, one sees the tail."

"So many heads, so much opinions."

"What come in to me for an ear get out for another."

"Four eyes does see better than two."

"To come back to their muttions."

"And here, to quote finally from M. Caroline, we must remember that 'it is not the whole to begin, but to finish.' It must that I dismount."

THE HEART'S SECRETS.

It is well that no spectators are permitted to catch a glimpse of our heart's secrets, that the door is never opened to let any one enter to view our unseen ghosts. If we have our songs in the night, our midnight vigils, we care not the world should witness our disappointments and miseries. "Deep in each heart's unremedied, unsoothed recesses, lie buried many a fond idol, many a treasure." Our spectres stand before us in their dear form, and we touch their icy hands, press kisses on their cold lips: they are constantly sauntering out from their graves: we sigh and weep because we cannot clasp their living presence within our arms. It is better that the world should not know our heart's secrets; its bitter scorn and its cold pity could bestow little sympathy, it would neither console nor solace us under merciless disappointment and withered hopes. We mingle in the whirling throng of human beings, we cross the broad ocean, we travel through foreign countries. Who reads the heart's secrets? They may be guessed, conjectured, suspected, but they are not voluntarily exposed. We prefer to shut them up within the recesses of our bosoms, far out of sight.

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